Queene. He is arreſted, but will not obey,
His ſonnes he ſaith, ſhall be his baile.
Yorke. How ſay you boyes, will you not?
Edward. Yes noble father, if our words will ſerue.
Richard. And if our words will not, our ſwords ſhall.
Yorke. Call hither to the ſtake, my two rough Beares.
King. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arme himſelfe.
Yorke. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou haſt,
Both thou and they ſhall curſe this fatall houre.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke, with Drum and Soldiours. And at the other doore, the Duke of Buckingham, with Drum and Soldiours.

Cliff. Are theſe thy Beares? wee'l baite them ſoone,
Deſpight of thee, and all the friends thou haſt.
War. You had beſt go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempeſt of the field.
Clif. I am reſolu'd to beare a greater ſtorme,
Then any thou canſt coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houſhould badge.
War. Now by my fathers age, olde Neuils creſt,
The rampant Beare chaind to the ragged ſtaffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top the Cedar ſhowes,
That keepes his leaues in ſpight of any ſtorme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnder foote with all contempt,
Deſpight the beare-ward that protects him ſo.
Yong Clif. And ſo renowned Soueraigne to armes,
To quell theſe Traitors and their complices.
Richard. Fie, Charity for ſhame, ſpeake it not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Ieſus Chriſt to night.
Yong Clif. Foule Stigmaticke thou canſt not tell.
Rich. No, for if not in heauen, you'l ſurely ſup in hell.

Exit omnes. *Alarmes*

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of Somerſet and Richard fighting, and Richard kils him vnder the ſigne of the Caſtle in S. Albones.

Rich. So, Lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood,
What's heere, the ſigne of the Caſtle?
Then the Propheſie is come to paſſe,
For Somerſet was fore-warnd of Caſtles,
The which he alwayes did obſerue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-houſe ſigne,
The Caſtle in S. *Albones*,
Somerſet hath made the Wizzard famous by his death. *Exit.*

Alarmes againe, and enter the Earle of Warwicke alone.

Warwick. Clifford of Cumberland, tis Warwicke cals,
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the beare,
Now whilſt the angry Trumpets ſound alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fill the empty aire:
Clifford I ſay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarſe with calling thee to armes.

Clifford ſpeakes within.

Clif. Warwicke ſtand ſtill, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtelax, throgh the fainting troops to finde thee out.
Warwicke ſtand ſtill, and ſtir not till I come.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Lord, what a foote?
Who kild your horſe?
Yorke. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,
Fiue horſe this day ſlaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
But I did kill his horſe he lou'd ſo well,
The bonieſt gray that ere was bred in North.